Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

W Bronscombe 23 30 Sept 09

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Famous Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end:

'Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!'

'But, doctor,' began the bewildered patient—

'Go home and read your Bible an hour a day,' the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, 'then come back to me in a month from to-day.'

And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly—she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayers and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had become a most careless Christian. She went home, and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. 'Well,' he said smiling, as he looked at her face, 'I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as though you needed any other medicine now?'

'No, doctor, I don't,' she said, honestly. 'I feel like another person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?'

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

'Madam,' said he, with deep earnestness, 'if I were to omit my daily reading of this book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called, not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure.'

'Yet I confess, doctor,' said his patient, 'that I came very near not taking it.'

'Very few are willing to try it, I find,' said the physician, smiling again. 'But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders, if they would only take it.'

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription is still good.—'Christian Advocate.'

The Touch of Tenderness.

How little it is to give! It is, in appearance, only a little tenderness in the voice that the spirit that needs it recognizes, though it could hardly tell how it recognized it. It is simply that the soul shows herself for a moment at her window and the wayfarer looks, and by a sudden recognition sees her there, and knows that it is her care for him that brought her there. It is only a something, we hardly know what, in the grasp of the hand, an electric thrill that shows that it is no mere formality, but that it is a touch of life; that the hand is warm from the heart. This is all it is to give. But what is it to receive? It is often nothing less than a new life. Here is a poor suffering soul that feels itself cut off from the common and glad circle of humanity. The common joys and the common life seem not for it. It seems to itself like one shivering apart, while the merry groups of happier ones rejoice in the warm sunlight, and in the play of free and kindly intercourse.

Perhaps this lonely soul had felt itself forgotten even by God. Perhaps it saw no sign that he still remembered it. But by this greeting of hearty interest, by this touch of feeling, of compassion, of fellowship, it is as if God himself spoke to it. It is as if he had sent one of his angels to speak to it good cheer; for if one of his children cares for it and loves it, it feels that the Father himself cannot have forgotten it.—Dr. C. C. Everett.

On Going to Church.

(By Bishop Vincent.)

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshippers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy

purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part; as hearer, as worshipper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good-will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.

Religious News.

The South India mission of the English Church Missionary Society reports that in the Khammamett district of the Telugu country in the twelve months ending March I, over 1,000 baptisms took place, and there are 1,200 Sudras under instruction, and a very large number of Malas and Madigas. During one month recently requests for teachers were received from 29 villages.

Events move so rapidly nowadays that we have scarcely time to appreciate the full significance of the most startling changes. A decade ago the prediction of a railway to Medina and Mecca would have been received in the Moslem world with contemptuous incredulity. To-day it is 'un fait accompli.' In a few months' time a railway-station will be opened in the city of Mecca. So far from the project being received at Medina and Mecca with opposition, as might have been expected, we read of the greatest enthusiasm, and of speeches delivered by sheiks and others which make us rub our eyes with astonishment. It is evident that the Moslem world is being pierced by modern civilization, and that fanaticism is retiring before the march of science.—London 'Christian.'

Missionary work does not commend itself to jealous or lazy colonial governors or to selfish traders, and serious misunderstandings have arisen more than once in the history of the American Board through dread of the efficiency of the work in raising the intellectual and social status of the undeveloped peoples. There was such a misunderstanding, now replaced by confidence, between a British governor and the French Zulu missions recently. Another has just arisen in Portuguese West Africa, where a local governor in Angola has expelled the Rev. W. M. Stover, who has been a missionary in that colony for twenty-six years. The charge against Dr. Stover is that he has been conducting himself in a manner detrimental to the sovereignty of Portugal. He has much influence with the people among whom he works, and has before now used it to keep them from revolt against their Portuguese rulers. He is the victim, it is believed, of the jealousy of traders in intoxicants and in slaves, with whose gains his influence among the peoples interferes. The case has been put into the hands of the State Department, and will be the subject of representations and negotiations at Lisbon.—'Congregationalist.'

Work in Labrador.

A DAY IN BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

(By Miss Nellie Gilmour.)

(Concluded.)

In this ward we have a case of appendicitis operated upon two weeks ago, a girl of about sixteen, who has been in bed since her hip was operated upon five weeks ago, and put in a plaster of Paris cast (or, as one man used to call his jacket, 'a plaster palace'), and a dear patient little soul she is, too, if ever there was one; then in the corner is a girl who has had her leg amputated, beside these are some minor cases. The ward maid, who really does the work of a probationer, or indeed, a junior nurse, has been hard at work all this time, too, and all the patients having been attended to, the wards swept and dusted, we are ready for the doctor's rounds.

Stop a moment though, what is that peremptory cry of 'woman' which comes to us through the open window? It is poor little Tommy, who wants us, and if you could only look into that little cot on the gallery your heart would ache for the little specimen of humanity that would meet your eyes. Motherless, deserted by his father, this more than half Eskimo boy of four years, lies there, tubercular through and through. He is kept on the gallery all day, and as he has been out for some time, begins to feel lonely and wants somebody near him. He never talks, and how he can manage to say such a long word as 'woman' puzzles me, but that is the name he has given us, and at frequent intervals during the day it is pealed forth in the same peremptory tone of voice.

But here is the doctor, which means a visit to each patient, followed by several dressings. Poor old George is smiling all over as he is approached, and in reply to the inquiry as to his condition says with great gusto, 'Better, tank God,' (a very universal expression by the way), 'but, doctor, if it warent for this hospital I never had a been alive to-day, an' that's sure, and I got into me chair meself to-day.'

Dinner is next in order, and that being over, we go to work to prepare the dressings, etc., for operations to-morrow. The kitchen stove has to do duty for all cooking in the house, so we contrive to do our work with it, when it is not taxed with the other, and sterilize dressings, etc., in the afternoon, basins and utensils in the evening, leaving them covered till required the next day, and in the morning sterilize the water.

Little Charlie, a case of osteo-myelitis, has become an adept at folding dressings and sponges, so we do not have these to prepare, which is a great help. Indeed, we utilize the patients all we can in this and other ways, as we need this help, and they in turn enjoy having something to do. As we hurry upstairs with some of these dressings, we are attracted by a very amused look on the face of a patient who has been only in a few days, and before we have time to inquire as to the cause, we are asked if we come from Newfoundland. Our answer being in the negative, the remark then comes, 'I thought not; I cannot keep from laughing when I see you coming up those stairs.' Earlier in our sojourn we would not have comprehended what this meant, but now we have learned to know that these people, who are very deliberate in their movements, cannot understand people moving about quickly, and look at any one who does so with perfect amazement.

The sterilizer on, we make ready to redeem our promise concerning the letter, and when this is written we are cautioned not to forget to post it, and as the post-office is close to the hospital, we conclude to take it there at once, and the look of perfect satisfaction on the old man's face, as he settles himself down in his chair is very funny to see, and we are not sure that the package of sweets was not invaded, even though there was no dose of medicine. On our return from the post we find one of the dogs of the place in our pathway, and as we have not learned as yet to love these animals, nor to pet them as we do our dogs at home, we are just wondering in our mind how wide a berth we must give this fellow, when we are surprised by a growl coming from immediately behind us, and the coming from immediately behind us, and the consideration of the matter very quickly resolves itself into action, and sooner than it takes to tell it, there is a clear space between these two animals, and they have a very wide berth given them in so far as we are concerned. The dogs here are very treacherous, though not as much so in summer as in the winter, their nocturnal orgies are a feature of the place, and we are entertained (?) nightly by them.

At the hospital door we meet two of the 'live yeres,' whom we stop to speak to, and one of them remarks that it is warm, to which the other replies to our astonishment, that it is quite sultry. As the thermometer registers little if any above 60 degrees, we conclude this is just a bit of humor, but that idea is soon dispelled by the reply of her friend, which shows us they are really in earnest about the matter. We think of our Canadian sultry days with the thermometer up in the nineties, and wonder what they would call that or how they would stand it.

Returning to the wards, we find it is nearly time for some teeth to be extracted under an anaesthetic. These poor people have no dentists, consequently their teeth have to decay until they are too far gone for anything, and then have to come out, and the number of teeth in this condition with which some of them arrive, would make you open your eyes wide. This being over, our clinic of outside patients comes, which consists chiefly of infected fingers and 'water pups,' these latter being a form of infection which comes on the wrists, and you will find numbers of the fishermen wearing a brass chain about the wrist to charm away the 'water pups.' How it can be thought to do so we surmise may be in that it prevents the oil skins, which they wear so constantly, from rubbing the wrists, thus making an abrasion through which germs find an entrance. These men come almost exclusively from the schooners in the harbor, and one of them asks anxiously if we have any magazines, and we are obliged to tell him there are none, as all have been given away, whereupon he says, 'Yesterday was Sunday, and we had not a book aboard,' and then adds, 'except the Bible, we had he.' They always get their pronouns hopelessly mixed. And here we would say, that in so far as our experience is concerned, in the majority of cases a magazine will appeal to them when a book will not. They will undertake to read and will enjoy a short story, when a long one will have no attraction for them at all, and we found that a barrel of magazines would be given away in a very short time.

And now it is tea time, and after this comes the preparation for the night. When we go into the small room we find the occupants talking of their operations and their sufferings after. We always discourage such topics of conversation, but before there is time to remonstrate now, poor little Tommy, our boy of fourteen, pipes up in a most pathetic little voice, 'Well, that is what we are alive for, is to suffer.' Needless to say this brings a reprimand, and yet we cannot do it in anything but a laughing manner, for it seems so absurb that so small and so childish a boy should be so pessimistic. But one cannot wonder at it, for this same spirit is so common in regard to sickness in the older people, that it must appear to a child to be the ordinary course of events, and he looked so taken aback when we suggested any other view of life. We must say though, that when he went home he was a very different boy, and certainly seemed as if he thought there was something more in life than suffering.

But here comes a new patient, and after he is in bed we go to him to find his name, place of abode, etc. To the first we get no satisfactory answer, and as he cannot spell have to leave his surname a blank. We make another attempt and ask where he comes from, but he looks up with his eyes as wide open as they will go, and in a calm manner replies, 'From my native place.' He complains of 'huskiness in his stumik.' Do not be surprised, the locality of this organ is very indefinite 'on the Labrador,' and may mean anywhere from the throat down. You will come to a nearer conclusion as to the locality and nature of this complaint, if you consider the 'huskiness' and not the 'stumik.'

Two wheel chairs have to be brought into requisition for the night, as well as two beds made up on the benches in the waiting room downstairs, as we have more patients than beds. These being arranged, and all other patients settled and ready for the night, Sister Bailey comes in to have prayers, and with this we will conclude the day, hoping the account may prove of interest to others, as each day of our sojourn was to us.—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Henry Young, Chepstow, Ont., $1.80; Wesley Edmunds, Jasper, Ont., $10.00; A Friend, Lachute, Que., $3.00; A. A. Paint, Port Hawkesbury, $5.00; S. A. Cook, Central Chebogue, $5.00; Maud M. Wiltse, Clinton, $2.00; D. Wilson, London West, $5.00; C. Humphrey, 60cts.; C. A. Rogers, Iroquois, Ont., $5.00; Total..$ 37.40

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—APRIL 11, 1909.

Peter Delivered From Prison.

Acts xii., 1-11. Memory verses, 7. Read Acts xii., 1-10.

Golden Text.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Psalm xxxiv., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 5.—Acts xii., 1-10.
Tuesday, April 6.—Acts xii., 11-19.
Wednesday, April 7.—Psa. xxxiii., 10-22.
Thursday, April 8.—Psa. xxxiv., 1-10.
Friday, April 9.—Dan. vi., 16-23.
Saturday, April 10.—Matt. vii., 1-11.
Sunday, April 11.—II. Cor. i., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We have ever so many interesting things in this lesson to-day, so many that it will be hard to find time to speak about them all. We hear about a great and wicked king; about a man whose head was cut off because he tried to serve and obey Jesus; about another man, a great friend of his, who was put in prison by this same king and had four soldiers to guard him, two of these soldiers being chained to him all day and all night; and then we have the story of how an angel came at night while this man in prison was sleeping, and of all that happened when the angel helped him to escape. Let us start and see who the king was first. Does any one remember about the wicked king who was reigning in Jerusalem when Jesus was born and how he had all the little boy babies in Bethlehem killed so as to be sure that he killed the little Jesus among them? Of course you all do. His name was Herod, and now in our lesson to-day we learn about his grandson, another Herod, who was just about as wicked as his grandfather was. He was ruling over the Jews but he was not by rights their king, so he tried every way he possibly could to make them like him and want to have him as their king. You know we have been studying about the Christians in Jerusalem and how the Jewish rulers hated them. Well, this wicked king, Herod, when he saw that, he started to persecute the Christians, too, and he even had one of them beheaded. The name of this one was James and he was one of Christ's dearest friends while Christ was here on earth. But King Herod was not satisfied with this. He took Peter, too, and put him in prison. You know Peter had been put in prison before this by the Jewish leaders and had been let out by an angel at night, but this time Herod didn't intend to have anything like that happen, so he put four soldiers to guard just this one man. Two of these soldiers were locked inside the prison cell with Peter and were actually chained to him; another one was just outside the locked door, and the other was a little further along the passage, so Herod thought he had got Peter pretty safely this time.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This story is a study of the powers of this world arrayed against the powers upon which the Christian has the right to call at any time. The mighty weapon of prayer was, in the early church, given its rightful place and the seemingly impossible was accomplished. Nor was the manner of Peter's deliverance according to the plans of the church (verses 13-16). This was true prayer; a waiting on God in earnest supplication that He would take the affairs of His people into His own hands, not the imperative demand for any specific object. A young Christian was sorely perplexed on the question of prayer as, after earnestly and with faith having prayed that he might be allowed to enter the ministry, he found the way effectually blocked. He said 'I had faith that God would help me, and I sincerely believed that I was meant to be a minister; then why has God not answered my prayer?' True prayer does not demand of God that He give a certain thing; it asks, but leaves the best answer with God. The death of James and the deliverance of Peter could both be used by God to His glory, and the one not less than the other. Our Saviour prayed saying 'Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.' Until that last petition can be gladly and lovingly added to any request, prayer is more a wilful demand than any true prayer.

(SELECTIONS.)

Verse 2. Nowhere has it been more clearly shown than in modern missions that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' Witness the fourfold growth of the church in Madagascar as the result of the cruel persecutions of 1840 and the two decades following, when Christians were flung over 'the Rock of Hurling,' a precipice of 150 feet, were burned to death, stoned, killed by boiling water or by poison. Witness the growth of the church in China after the fearful Boxer massacres of 1900. The Armenian massacres of 1894-5 in Turkey cost the lives of 40,000 Christians, but their heroism planted a respect for Christianity even in the minds of Turks and Kurds. — Peloubet's 'Notes.'

Verse 5. In a single sentence the apostle John gives the condition which must be fulfilled if our prayers are to prevail with God. 'This is the boldness which we have toward him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.' The church did not know that it was the will of God that Peter should not at this time, like Stephen and James, suffer a martyr's death, but they prayed earnestly, nevertheless, that Peter's life might be spared. They must have prayed submissively, asking only that their prayers be granted if it were God's will. What did Jesus mean when He said: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened'? He did not mean that we have a claim on God which He is bound to acknowledge if we ask it. He meant that whatever we ask in the name and in the spirit of Jesus Himself, whatever, therefore, is in accordance with the divine will, will be granted us. Our prayer will be answered in our way, if it is the right way, but if it is not, then in God's own way; as Whittier beautifully says:

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!
Tarbell's 'Guide.'

Verse 10. He is a Ruler commanding innumerable and invincible super-terrestrial powers; angels, stars, and ages are in His retinue, and none may withstand Him. How wonderfully has this claim already justified itself! The brazen gates of Rome were opened to Him; He entered in triumph the dark doors of the northern nations. Doors closed for ages, doors which appeared sealed for ever, are open to welcome the Messiah. Is not the spectacle before our eyes? The portals of India are unbarred; the hoary doors of China are groaning on their hinges; the citadel of Burma surrenders; the venerable gates of Japan are ajar. The doors of idol shrines, choked by the bitter weeds of ages, give Him entrance; the jealously guarded palaces of paganism are yielding to a diviner sovereignity; and heathen nations, long isolated and impenetrable, are beginning to acknowledge His sway. And the defiant must yield. Gates of brass and bars of iron will open of themselves.—William L. Watkinson, in the 'Supreme Conquest.'

The marks of God are seen plainly in the rapid unlocking of long-shut gates, and in the peculiar keys used by Him for their opening. When the nineteenth century began, the enterprise of missions seemed, to the worldly wise and prudent, not only vague but visionary—hopelessly, foolishly chimerical. Cannibalism in the Islands of the Sea, fetishism on the dark continent, a rigid caste system in India, an exclusive policy in China, intolerance in papal lands, and absolute prohibition in Moslem territory—these were a few of the hundred barriers which on every side seemed impassable. Taken singly they were formidable—taken together they constituted an encircling wall, too strong to batter down, too high to scale. Even if outer barriers could be passed, it would still be necessary to confront ignorance, idolatry, superstition, depravity, everywhere and, in most cases, conspiring together to rear before the church other impassable walls, with gates of steel. The only welcome awaiting God's messengers was that of cannibal ovens, merciless prisons, or martyrs' graves. But, as the little band advanced, on every hand the walls of Jericho fell, and the iron gates opened of their own accord. India, Siam, Burma, China, Japan, Turkey, Africa, Mexico, South America, the papal States, and Corea, were successively and successfully entered. Within five years, from 1853 to 1858, new facilities were given to the entrance and occupation of seven different countries, together embracing half the world's population. There was also a remarkable subsidance of obstacles. At the same time God was raising up workers in unprecedented numbers, and men and women so marvellously fitted for the exact work and field as to show unmistakably foresight and purpose.—Arthur T. Pierson, in the 'Modern Missionary Century.'

A man has only as much religion as he can command in time of trouble.—Andrew Fuller.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 11.—Topic—Caring for all sorts of people. Acts x., 34, 35.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 5.—The rising of the soul. Eph. ii., 1-7.

Tuesday, April 6.—A symbol of resurrection. Rom. vi., 1-5.

Wednesday, April 7.—Our new life. Col. ii., 8-16.

Thursday, April 8.—Resurrection power in us. Eph. i., 17-23.

Friday, April 9.—The risen Christ within. Rom. viii., 9-14.

Saturday, April 10.—The spiritual uprising. John v., 24.

Sunday, April 11.—Topic—Risen with Christ. Col. iii., 1-4. (Easter meeting.)

The Secret of Teaching.

(The Rev. Frederic R. Marvin, in the New York 'Observer.')

To teach one must himself have first been taught,
No empty cup can burning thirst assuage;
The Friend Divine thy waiting soul must fill,
Alike in rosy youth and snowy age.

Therefore to Him with praying heart apply,
Make thou His Word thine ever constant friend;
So shalt thou teach with power, yet not thine own,
For God His all-persuasive grace shall lend.

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

.. ..

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Correspondence

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To think kind thoughts,
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Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

The first member from Newfoundland is heartily welcomed this week. A. F. Sweetland, T., Nfld., writes 'I thought I would start it up, here.' There ought to be many ready to follow such a good example among our correspondents in Newfoundland. The other new members for this week are:—Arthur Maybee, G., Ont.; Harold Bond, S., Ont.; Charles Stuart Campbell, C., B.C.; Pearl Hazard, Q., Que., and Jeannette Brien, G. Que. It might interest our members in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to know that these two provinces now have the same number of members each. Ontario keeps well ahead of all the others, and now the membership there is just under one hundred.

W., Ont.

A POEM.

This little friend the 'Messenger' its goodness sends to you and me.
In mary lands its name is known
And reaches out from sea to sea.
It has for us both verse and prose
This little friend that each one knows.

With words of advice for the young and the old,
The force of its power for good is untold.
Its nice little stories tell every one, too,
To choose as example the good and the true.
I wish the 'Messenger' every success,
Long may it flourish to help and to bless.

RUBY STEVENS.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old and I walk two miles to school. My brother is a cheese-maker. My eldest sister is out in Vancouver for over a year. We all miss her very much. My brother went with a gang of hunters last fall and they got five deer. My papa is a lime manufacturer. They blast the limestone out of a quarry and draw it to the kiln and fill it, and burn it for three days and nights. It is nice to watch the blaze come out of the top of the kiln. We also have a small farm and make a lot of syrup in the spring. I wish you could come, Mr. Editor, and visit us in sugar-making time. I trapped 10 or 12 ground hogs last summer.

FRANKIE HEFFRON.

[A very good letter, Frankie. Thank you for the invitation. Ed.]

U. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a few lines to say that I take the 'Messenger.' I think it is a nice paper, and I don't think you could get much better anywhere. I have never written to you, though I have thought of it often. My father is a minister, and I have three brothers. Their names are, beginning at the eldest, Lloyd, Herbert and Oakley, who is the dear baby. He is not yet quite seven months old, all but a day, so you see I am the only girl in the family. I often wish I had a sister, but I think it is all for the best. We have a good many pets, two cats, a dog, a horse, a cow, and a good many hens. Well, you see my father lives in the country and has to have pretty nearly all these.

ANNIE MURIEL TOOMBS (age 10).

A., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am 13 years old and am in the Principal's room at school. I had a lovely time at Christmas. I got a pair of hockey skates and I have been skating quite a lot this winter. I had the grippe and was in bed five days. I am keeping all my 'Messengers' and putting them together in the form of a book. I liked 'The Architect of Fate' and 'The Minister's Mother' very much in the 'Messenger.' I read a lot of L. M. Alcott's books and like them very much.

FRANCES A. ROGERS.

L. P., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of eight. We moved up here from Vancouver a year ago last August. We have a nice farm of sixty acres, and an orchard with seventy bearing trees. The Great Northern Railway passes right near our house.

HARRY CASSIDY.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Hunter.' Roddy Tresidder (age 14), Ottawa.
2. 'Deer's Head.' Harvey Meldrum (age 11), Ottawa.
3. 'Baby's Bath.' Janie L. Libbey (aged 12), B., N.B.
4. 'A Goose.' Raymund McComb, M., Ont.
5. 'Mouse.' Ivan Jean (aged 9), B., N.S.
6. 'Water Bottles.' Eva Cressy (aged 9), L. M., Que.
7. 'Ned.' Irving Went (aged 11), P. S., Ont.
8. 'A Man.' Sadie F. McKiggan (aged 14), M. C., C.B.
9. 'Pedagogue.' Fred de Gex (aged 13), K., Ont.
10. 'House.' Arthur Kruger (aged 11), O. B., Man.
11. 'The Black Swan.' Helen M. Moffit (aged 12), C., N.B.
12. 'Flower.' Katie E. McLeod, P. M., N.S.
13. 'Our School Flag.' Ruth Ramage (aged 12), V., B.C.
14. 'Naughty Bunny.' Virginia McConkey (aged 7), P., Man.
15. 'The Meeting Place.' J. C. B. (aged 12), G., Que.
16. 'Polly.' Flossie W. Elliott (aged 9), N. S., Alta.
17. 'Young Duck.' John Miner Stevens (aged 7), M., N.S.
18. 'Onions.' Lula St. Dennis (aged 15), Ottawa.
19. 'A Dog.' Charlie Sharp (aged 7), V., P.Que.
20. Basket of Plums.' May Fullerton, H. R., N.S.
21. 'Pig's Head.' George Ritchie (aged 8), E., Ont.
22. 'Roosters Fighting.' Agnes Doney (aged 8).
23. 'Pirates.' George E. Crawford (aged 11), Ottawa.
24. 'Peggy.' Bertha Roper (aged 12), A., Ont.
25. 'Our Well.' Jennie E. Brown (aged 10), E., N.S.

A., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am 13 years old and am in the Principal's room at school. I had a lovely time at Christmas. I got a pair of hockey skates and I have been skating quite a lot this winter. I had the grippe and was in bed five days. I am keeping all my 'Messengers' and putting them together in the form of a book. I liked 'The Architect of Fate' and 'The Minister's Mother' very much in the 'Messenger.' I read a lot of L. M. Alcott's books and like them very much.

FRANCES A. ROGERS.

L. P., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of eight. We moved up here from Vancouver a year ago last August. We have a nice farm of sixty acres, and an orchard with seventy bearing trees. The Great Northern Railway passes right near our house.

HARRY CASSIDY.

OTHER LETTERS.

George E. Crawford, Ottawa, explains that in his drawing published to-day 'the sailors are having their picture taken on the ship, and the fellow in the canoe is taking it.'

Bertie Wright, T., Ont., has a pair of skates, 'but as the ice has not been much good I have not been able to do much skating this winter.'

Marian Farrow, T., Sask., used to live in P. E. I. 'We moved out to the North West last summer. We do not like it out here.' That's too bad, Marion; perhaps the liking will come in time.

Marjorie Ross, H., Que., has a grandfather who 'has taken the 'Messenger' for fifty years. I have taken it for only one year, but I am taking it again.'

Duncan Campbell, F., Ont., answers Helen Moffit's riddle (March 12)—A well shod horse needs no shoes. Also S. H. Becksted's second riddle (March 12)—the letter S, as IX is nine and S added spells six.

Grant Somerville Schriver, C. S., N.B., says 'We have a library in our Sunday School and I get a book every Sunday.'

Pearl Hazard, Q., Que., sends this riddle:—

Without a backbone straight I stand;
I hold up things without a hand;
Although I have no mouth to bite
They bring me food from morn till night.

Ruth Alberta Williams, M. M., Mich., sends a story with her letter. Little Mary in your story, Ruth, seems to have had a very good time on the farm.

E. W. L., Ont., enjoys the winter. 'Then I can have lots of fun in the snow.'

A. L. H., Y., Ont., is of the same mind. 'We have lots of fun sleighriding, as we live in a very hilly country.'

Jeannette Brien, G., Que., has 'a splendid time, in summer and winter as well. We live only a few yards from the water.'

Addie Sheffield, C., Ont., is thinking of good times now. 'We are having fine weather and we got some pussy palms.'

George Ritchie, E., Ont., 'stood head in the Honor Roll in school last week.' Glad to hear that, George.

Janet Fullerton, H. R., N.S., answers Alice M. Elliott's riddle (March 5)—When she came to the door she could not eat the door. Janet, too, has nice times in winter.

We also received little letters from Matilda Mohr, V., Alta.; Charles Stuart Campbell, C., B.C.; Virginia McConkey, P. L. P., Man., Mabel Williams, E., Ont.; Gladys B. Mitchell, L., Ont.; Bertha Roper, A., Ont., and Arthur J. Maybee, G., Ont.

We are sorry that it is impossible for us to publish all the letters we get, but all are very welcome, and perhaps if your letter isn't published this time it may be later. Some of our correspondents may wonder why they do not see their letters mentioned. If they are not acknowledged in the weekly list you may be sure they are just waiting their turn to be published as so many have to do. We are very pleased to see what very nice little letters our correspondents can write.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Man in the Boy.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the little brook the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow to-day
Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled;
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth:
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in its youth;
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in his play;
The eagle's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's bald and gray.
The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled;
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy, is king of the world.

—The 'Pacific.'

Patty.

(Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in the 'Zion's Herald.')

'I think she's about the most thoughtful girl I know, and does the most kind things!' Patty spoke with generous enthusiasm. 'And did you ever see any one more a favorite than she is? I was going to say "popular," but that isn't a nice enough word to describe her. "Favorite" is better. "Popular" seems to mean—oh, you know, mamma'—Patty stopped rather lamely.

'Yes, I think I know,' smiled mother. 'It seems to me a finer, more lovable thing to be a "favorite" than to be merely "popular."'

'And Gertrude is such a favorite with every one,' Patty continued, 'not only with the girls at school, but with old people and poor people. She's always doing something for some one else. She even finds time to run in and see that poor old Mrs. Wickham, the janitor's wife, you know, mamma. And sometimes she takes her flowers—Gertrude hasn't much money to spend, of course, but she'll find a few late dandelions or some partridge berries out in the woods—just common, little, every-day things other people wouldn't think of.'

'I know another girl who has a great many sweet impulses to give pleasure to other people,' mother said, with a smile—such a meaning mother smile that Patty flushed a pleased acknowledgment.

'Impulses—yes, mamma; but somehow half of them don't get any farther than being just impulses; and I don't know why it is, but I don't think I give half the pleasure that Gertrude does, when my impulses do materialize.'

'But why not?' Mother's voice was full of cordial interest and sympathy, with a little hint of suggestion that might be forthcoming.

'Why, I don't know,' Patty said, rather slowly.

'Perhaps—assuming that you are right about it, and not understand yourself—perhaps there is a good deal in doing kind things at the right moment. You know there is always a best moment. A great many lovely thing we do lose half their value by being done a little too late.'

'That's so!' Patty responded, soberly; and then: 'I am a dreadful procrastinator.'

Mother smiled encouragingly—she never was one to 'rub things in.' 'That's the way with a great many of us,' she said.

'I don't think it is your way, mamma.' Patty twisted in her chair rather uneasily and then, 'Mamma,' she said, earnestly, 'I woke about midnight last night, and it did seem as if I couldn't stop thinking about the things I ought to do and hadn't done. Things always seem so much worse in the night, anyway—all the letters I ought to have written, and the people I had neglected to go to see, and—why, mamma, I believe I was awake as much as two hours!' which was a long time for healthy Patty. 'It made me think of what they say about drowning people, all the things in their past life coming up before them. I shouldn't have supposed I could remember so many things—one after another. I made up my mind then that I was going to make this vacation week count.'

It was that very afternoon that Patty, looking like a rose in her simple 'best dress,' set out to make some calls. Tucked away in her pocketbook was a memorandum written in a school girlish hand—a list of 'deferred things.'

'I believe I'll do the least pleasant thing first,' she said to herself. 'I'll stop for Miss Pendleton and take her to the Eye Infirmary. How I do dread it! I hate to see sick people anyway—and the poor things who are losing their sight most of all. I don't see how they stand it—I know I couldn't!'

Miss Pendleton's eyes brightened behind their smoked glasses as they caught sight of the girlish figure coming up the walk.

'It's so good of you, dearie,' she said. 'Seems like I get so lonesome sitting here at the window I want to cry, and I know I mustn't, for it's the worst thing I can do for my eyes.'

'I know it, Miss Pendleton!' Patty's hands held the hard, knotted one for a moment. 'But we're going to have your eyes so much better by and by, you won't know yourself. I thought we'd run over to the Infirmary this afternoon if you can get ready on such short notice.'

'Oh, yes!' Miss Pendleton gave eager assent; 'and it's so good of you to think of it. Young people don't often have the time to give to the older ones.'

When, an hour later, they came out from the Infirmary, Miss Pendleton's face was very grave. The great oculist had been kind indeed, but facts had been less comforting. The 'little trouble' which she had schooled herself into thinking of no great importance had received a different sort of consideration from the specialist. But hope had illumed all he said, after all. By being careful—oh, very, very careful—she might expect to grow better instead of worse.

'And oh, my dear!' Miss Pendleton said, with a catching breath to Patty, 'what should I have done if you hadn't followed this up? I'd dreaded so—the going—and probably should have put it off for weeks yet. And just think what he said—what it means to take it promptly! And there he's to sail for Europe in a fortnight more!'

'Yes, I'm thankful, too, we didn't put it off any longer,' Patty said, soberly. 'I suppose from what he said he can get you in shape in these two weeks so you can be left pretty safely for the rest of the time. That young oculist can look after you, too. I suppose he's very good, but of course Dr. Peyton is the finest one in the State, and it means everything to have had his help first.'

'Well, that was an impressive beginning for me,' Patty told her mother that night. 'Poor Miss Pendleton! I couldn't have had a more pointed lesson on "the dangers of procrastination." That sounds like the subject of a school composition, doesn't it, mamma?'

'Very much,' said her mother, smilingly.

'I believe I'll run up to the attic and see about that old suit of mine I promised for poor little Ann Taylor,' Patty remarked next morning. 'Oh, dear me, mamma! I ought to have taken it to her a month ago; but I always dread going up to the attic—there's something sort of depressing about looking over old things on a rainy day, and sunny days of course I have ever so many pleasanter things to see to. Something like the case of the Irishman's roof, isn't it, mamma? But I really won't put this off another day!'

Up in the attic she sang over the work of looking over old boxes and trunks, and it was surprising how many presentable, wearable things she found for little Ann Taylor, waiting hopefully for weeks for the promised articles. It made a big, unwieldy bundle, but Patty would not stop for that, as she went light heartedly down the snow covered street to the little brown house where Ann lived. She waved her hand to the child at the window, and passing into the sitting-room seated herself in Mrs. Taylor's old worn rocker for a friendly chat; for this was no ordinary 'charity call.' Help had to be delicately given to the brave little woman with the hollows in her cheeks.

'Well, little girlie,' Patty said, after a few moments judiciously spent on other topics, 'I hope this plaid dress will be as becoming to you as I think it will. It's so good you're the right size for it, as I haven't any little sister to wear it.' She was taking the really fresh and pretty plaid from the shawl-strap as she spoke, and laid the warm underwear upon it without comment.

'You're so good—so more than kind!' said the child's mother, and Ann's peaked little face brightened visibly as she looked.

'Oh, how lovely!' she said. 'I do like it so! And oh, isn't that nice and warm!' She was feeling of the flannels with rather unchildlike pleasure and appreciation, and looked up impulsively at her mother. 'Now I can go back to school, can't I, mamma?'

'Yes, dear.' Mrs. Taylor's thin cheeks flushed sensitively. 'I've kept her out for a week,' she explained: 'she's had a cold that she can't seem to shake off, and I thought perhaps it was better not to let her go out.'

'But now it'll be all right!' Ann looked happily at her new possessions, and Patty, smiling in a matter-of-fact way, was really groaning in spirit. Perhaps—oh, perhaps Ann would never have taken the cold if she, Patty, had not been such a procrastinator! Visions arose before her of a speedy 'going into a decline' by the flat-chested little girl, and Patty, always given to exaggeration, felt like a murderer.

She was really rather pitifully depressed as she made her way down the street, the reiterated thanks of Mrs. Taylor and little Ann ringing in her ears.

At a snow-covered crossing she found Gertrude, the admired and emulated, making her

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way as daintily as she could through the soft snow.

'I'm following in your footsteps, Gertrude,' Patty called out, planting her storm rubbers in her friend's tracks. 'And in two senses of the word,' she added mentally, as she gained Gertrude's side and slipped an affectionate hand through her arm.

'How are you enjoying your holiday week?' asked Gertrude. 'Haven't the days seemed to fly? I meant to do some studying, but I haven't found time for it yet.'

'Neither have I,' said Patty, seriously. 'At least not school studies; but I've taken up a new study that isn't in the books. You're partly responsible for it,' she added, smiling at her friend's mystified look. 'Some time I'll tell you more about it; but now I'll have to go in here. Poor Mrs. Brown is so miserable this winter, and I've been promising to run in and read to her.'

The Scrapbook League.

(By Effie Stevens.)

'I do wish we lived in a city instead of 'way out here in the country on a farm,' sighed Alice discontentedly, as she folded up the letter which she had been reading for the dozenth time since receiving it. 'Then perhaps I might belong to a sunshine club such as Cousin Grace writes about. She says they do such lovely things to help other people, besides having nice times among themselves.'

'Huh!' exclaimed Ted. 'A sunshine club may do very well for girls, but I'd rather belong to a boys' brigade. They wear real uniforms and have drills, and go into camp once a year. I tell you, it must be fine. Will Rogers, that city boy who was visiting at Deacon Brown's last summer, told me all about it. They had one in the church he attended, and he belonged.'

'I w-wish it was against the law for it ever to rain on Saturdays,' wailed Fay, as she flattened her nose against the windowpane and watched the rain trickle down its outer surface. The others were too used to Fay's odd remarks to heed this one.

'If I hadn't this old cold I wouldn't have to be shut up in the house with a pack of little girls, rain or no rain,' grumbled Ted.

'Why, Ted Robinson!' cried Alice indignantly, 'I'm a year and nine months older than you are.'

'You play dolls, anyhow,' taunted Ted.

'Children, children,' called their mother from the kitchen, 'it isn't nice to quarrel.'

'We are not quarrelling,' spoke up Alice promptly. 'We are only arguing.'

'Well then,' said her mother, 'please argue in the future in tones that don't sound quite so much like quarrel tones.'

The children laughed, and so the indoor storm which had threatened was averted.

'I's a club, I's a club,' chanted little Beth happily from her perch beside the dining-room table, as she bent her curly head over the scrapbook she was making. She had caught the new word from the conversation of the older children, and this was her own quaint little way of learning it.

'You're a love, anyway,' declared Alice, rushing over to her small sister and giving her a big bear hug.

'What do you know about clubs, baby?' Ted asked in tones of good-natured banter. Boylike, he could not resist an opportunity to tease.

'I do,' insisted little Beth, who was proof against all teasing. 'I's a scrapbook club, all myself.'

'O Ted!' exclaimed Alice excitedly, 'Let's be a Scrapbook League, and wear badges, and make scrapbooks.'

'I used to make scrapbooks when I was a child,' remarked Fay patronizingly.

Alice and Ted choked back their laughter with difficulty, for Fay was only nine and a half now, and they did not wish to hurt her feelings.

'We'll make 'em just like Beth's,' grinned Ted.

Beth's scrapbooks were folded pieces of brown wrapping paper on which she pasted recklessly and often upside down, much to the amusement of the older children, the pictures which she cut from old newspapers and flower catalogues with her wide-bladed, blunt-pointed kindergarten scissors. She never seemed to tire of making them nor to long for some new pastime.

'There are lots of old papers and magazines which we might have, in the attic,' continued Alice, ignoring her brother's remark. 'There are pieces in them that are worth saving, and I know mamma will make us some of the nice starch paste which she makes for Beth.'

'But where will we get our scrapbooks?' queried Ted, at last really interested.

'I have several stiff-covered, five-cent copybooks which I bought for Beth to scribble in,' said their mother, who had entered the room in time to hear their plan. 'They will make nice books to keep, if the pieces are pasted in neatly, and they are not so large that you need grow discouraged in your attempt to fill them. I can easily get Beth some more the next time I go to town.'

The old papers and the copybooks were produced, and the children were soon gathered about the big table, busily engaged in cutting out pieces and pictures and pasting them into their scrapbooks. They became so interested in their new employment that they forgot all about the rain which had threatened to spoil their holiday.

Their mother showed them how to paste one wide column or two narrow newspaper columns of printed matter down the middle of each page, leaving a margin of an inch or more on each side. This made it possible for the book to be closed when it was filled without having to cut out any of the pages.

She also suggested that instead of filling their books with clippings on various subjects, as people usually do when they set about making a scrapbook for their own amusement, each select some special subject and fill the book with articles about it.

Alice took 'Holidays' for her subject, and was surprised to find so many pieces in the papers about the origin of the various holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, etc.—and the manner in which they are celebrated in her own or in other lands. Ted chose 'Air Ships' for his subject and became intensely interested in it. Fay filled her book with pictures of dogs and anecdotes and information about them.

Of course that first afternoon was only the beginning, but the time sped so rapidly that the children were amazed when their mother told them they must put away their work, as it was time to set the table for supper.

'I never knew an afternoon in the house to be so short,' Ted remarked.

Other stormy Saturdays and parts of the long winter evenings, after the lessons for the following day had been prepared, were spent upon the scrapbooks.

When the first ones were finished they made a nice addition to their small supply of books, and as each had read not only all the pieces which he had put into his own book, but those the others had used as well, all had acquired quite a little interesting and instructive information.

The children had enjoyed filling their first books so much that they were eager to start new ones, and their father said that he was

The Prince and the Beggars.

(By Dorothy Deane, in 'Scattered Seeds.')

Like a prince in his old-time story
He sits at his palace gate;
About him bent and hoary
The ragged mendicants wait.
The prince is a daring fellow,
Wears velvet and cloth of gold,
A tunic and cap of yellow;
Rags shelter them from the cold

Then I open the study shutter,
And scatter their daily bread,
They come with a rush and a flutter,
Where the bountiful feast is spread.
For the 'prince is my yellow canary,'
The beggars, so gay and free,
Are only the sparrows wary,
That live in the old elm tree.

He quaffs from a crystal chalice,
They stoop to the wayside spring;
He dwells in a lordly palace,
They hide beneath Winter's wing
They covet his royal splendor,
His ease and his tunic gay;
The bars of his cage are slender,
They think him as free as they.

My little gold-bird is a poet,
He pipes me a roundelay;
A captive—he does not know it,
And sings in a blithesome way.
But at times in his prison narrow,
He wishes that he might be
A gay little beggar sparrow,
Out in the old elm tree.

willing to buy them all the copybooks they needed, as he considered it a cheap price for keeping them happy and contented. Ted filled several books with pieces about the President of the United States, learning much without realizing that he did so about the history and government of his country. A little later a book filled with puzzles helped crippled Joe Lester to pass many weary hours pleasantly. Another filled with cheery verses found its way to the home of lonely old Mrs. Bowman.

And so the work and influence of the Scrapbook League spread out. Other children joined it. Most of them lived so far apart that the league never tried to hold any real meetings, but the members wore their pretty blue ribbon badges with 'Scrapbook League' printed on them, and worked upon their scrapbooks as they had opportunity.

The members not only filled their own books, but when they came across pictures or pieces on some other member's subject they passed them along to him. Thus they acquired the habit of reading the best that was in the papers and magazines, even those which they could not cut up, and cultivated a taste for good literature.

The teacher of the little country school found that by means of these simple scrapbooks she could enlarge the tiny school library at small expense. Books were filled with pieces about animals and birds, poems for recitation, and information about places and people studied about in the geography or history lessons. She supplied the books and clippings and pictures, and the league did the work.

And so the ball which was set rolling one rainy Saturday afternoon by the unconscious influence of little Beth, rolled on and on, bringing pleasure and instruction to many.—Selected.

Not by a Single Bound.

'Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder, by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount its summit round by round.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered by good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.
—Selected.

Setting a Trap for Himself.

'You wait till I get that $20.00 prize,' said Kenneth, confidently.

Little brother Archie looked at him admiringly. 'It'll be a big shiny gold piece, won't it? My! Do you s'pose you really will get it?' he asked, in an awed voice.

'Sure thing. Why, none of the other fellows can touch me on history. I've got all the dates on those old Greek wars and the Norman conquest and things inside my head here, for keeps, and I could say the kings of England backward, if I wanted to. I guess I'm not going to be beat on United States history after learning all that. Dan's pretty fair on the Civil War, but he got behind when he had the mumps. I'm not afraid of one of 'em,' he boasted grandly.

For several weeks after the beginning of the school year it really seemed as though Kenneth might easily claim the prize that old Dr. Avery had offered in the hope of interesting the boys of Broad Street school in the history of their country. Then he began to blunder. His monthly reports grew steadily lower and at home he was fretful and sullen by turns. Kind old Auntie Lou, who had come from Mrs. Summer's Southern home and had taken most of the care of Kenneth since his birth, was puzzled and distressed.

'Something ain't right wid dat boy, ur he wouldn't mope so on an' forget what he's tryin' to do half de time,' she said to herself. Then one day, in clearing out a bureau drawer in Kenneth's room, she came upon a package of cigarettes.

'Look yer, now, dem's what's pizenin' dat boy. Yo' sut'nly has got to talk to him,' she said to Mrs. Summer.

'Dear me!' said the little mother, and a wrinkle came in her pretty forehead. 'I didn't suppose Ken had taken to smoking; I'll have his father take him in hand.'

Finally she decided to 'talk to' Kenneth herself. 'You know, honey, they really are bad for boys,' she coaxed. 'Wait till you're twenty-one and then you'll be grown up and maybe won't even want to smoke. Now you know I don't believe in scolding. I want my boy to have a happy time to look back to and not remember his mother always telling him things he mustn't do. So you run along and behave yourself and let the old cigarettes alone.'

Kenneth kissed the soft cheek pressed against his own, but he made no promises. At first he really tried to give up the habit, but it was stronger than he knew. It was his teacher who put the matter squarely to him on the day that the twenty-dollar gold piece was awarded Dan Clemens.

'You had the best start, my boy, but you were so confident of success that you failed to see the trap you were laying for yourself. There was a young man in Bible days who was so certain he was going to win in a battle with the Israelites, that he got together two and thirty other princes, do you remember? And they all drank to celebrate the coming victory. Then the enemy came, you know, and Benhadad was miserably defeated. Cigarettes have muddled your brains, Kenneth, and they were good brains. It isn't too late to get them in working order again if you'll leave tobacco alone. I'd like to see you win next time.'—'Junior Builders.'

The Rescuers.

My aunt, who lived in the country, once told me the following story:

She raised turkeys, and had one hen with fifteen little ones. As turkeys so often wander away, she used to tie the mother hen by a long string to a tree in an orchard near the house.

One afternoon, as she sat sewing, she heard the little turkeys making a very unusual noise, and thinking something must be wrong, she went to the door. There stood all fifteen by the gate crying as though in great distress. As soon as they saw her they stopped crying and began running back toward the orchard.

Thinking they were all right, she resumed her sewing, but in a few minutes they were back again, crying still more lustily. This time she went to the gate, and as before they became quiet and started back again.

Curious to know why they acted so strangely, she followed them. When she arrived at the orchard, she found the mother turkey hanging by her string over the fence in such a manner as to be unable to fly either way. My aunt helped her out of her uncomfortable position, and immediately the little ones, finding their mother all right again, became quiet and contented.—'C. E. World.'

Can You?

'Sir,' said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston and addressing a well-known merchant, 'have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something.'

'What can you do?'

'I can try my best to do whatever I am put to,' answered the boy.

'What have you done?'

'I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years.'

'What have you not done?' asked the gentleman.

'Well, sir,' answered the boy, after a moment's pause, 'I have not whispered in school for a whole year.'

'That's enough,' said the gentleman. 'You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a wood pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff.'—'Boys and Girls.'

Fishing for Praise.

A girl who liked to say disagreeable things about herself in order to be contradicted, exclaimed one day, 'I think I look like a perfect fright in this hat.' 'Oh, no, Grace!' soothingly replied her little cousin, 'you look pretty homely, but you didn't frighten me a bit.' This girl got just what she deserved. One who fishes for praise ought not to get a compliment.—Exchange.

BOYS! ATTENTION!

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4. Watch and Chain.—Best to be had for $4.00.
5. Baseball Outfit.—The biggest value in selected articles to be secured for $4.00.

SECOND PRIZE—Your choice of the five articles named above, but of cheaper quality, though good value each worth $3.00.

If you want as a prize something not included in the list, we may be able to substitute it, or we will allow you

MONEY IF PREFERRED.

1st PRIZE, $3.00
2nd PRIZE, $2.00 } In Each Class

N B.—We prefer to give the prize in goods, because in that way we can give our boys the advantage of our exceptional opportunities of purchase, and so give in goods better value than could be obtained locally for the same money.

If you've never sold before, send for a package of the Easter Number (April) 'Canadian Pictorial' to start on, and 'Go in and win.'

REMEMBER—Whether you win a prize or not, you get your regular profits just the same on every copy you sell, so it's well worth an extra push.

For example: Our fine collection of premiums includes:—Nickel vest pocket knife, a perfect gem, splendid steel, for selling six copies; large jack knife (Rogers) for eight copies; rubber stamp with your own name and address and a self-inking pad, all for nine copies (though formerly we required the sale of fourteen copies for this same equipment); nickel watch for eighteen copies, etc., etc.

SEND A POST CARD.

Full particulars of this competition and of our entire plan of premiums and commissions, on application to John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Ducks That Went Travelling and What They Saw.

(By Louise Jameson, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

(Concluded.)

So, for a while we swam about, and had a fine time generally, but, presently, we came to a log where an old frog was dozing.

'Keep still, you noisy creatures,' he croaked crossly. 'How can a fellow rest. I've been trying—'

But just here he stopped, darted out a long tongue and caught a passing fly before we had even seen it.

'Gracious,' said Big Brother, 'if we could only get our dinner as quickly as that. Please tell us how you manage it, Mr. Frog.'

'Easy enough,' croaked the frog. 'Just look at my tongue. It is fastened in the front and rolled back, besides it has glue on the end and when anything comes near I have only to unroll it as quick as you'd wink, and the glue catches whatever is there.'

'I wish we had such convenient tongues,' said little sister. 'Are toads made that way too, Mr. Frog?'

'Well, I should say not,' answered Mr. Frog, swelling so big I thought he surely would burst. 'Their tongues may be like ours, but I'm sure you never saw a toad wear such a nice green jacket as we do, nor such clean white trousers either. As for their hops they certainly can't compare with our graceful jumps. Their legs are much shorter than ours.'

'Of course our children are much alike; both being tadpoles and spending all their young days in the water. But when the toad tadpole grows into a toad he leaves the water and never goes back. But just wait a minute. Here comes Mrs. Mosquito. I ate her husband this morning, and now I'll—'

His sentence was not finished, but Mrs. Mosquito was.

'That's a good job,' he said, when his tongue was in his mouth again. 'I really hated to eat Mr. Mosquito though. He is such a harmless fellow. Never even sings, and eats only honey from flowers. He leaves other things to his wife, and she is equal to anything. She has left a raft of eggs a little way up the stream, and her wrigglers will soon be out. Maybe you can settle some of them. I'm beginning to feel dry, so I guess I'll have a swim. Good-by.'

And into the water he jumped with a splash, that sent skippers and beetles scurrying in all directions.

'Silly creatures,' he croaked, as his long legs disappeared through the water.

'Well, he is a funny fellow,' said Big Brother, as we went on up the stream. Presently we saw a tiny raft of eggs among the tall water grasses.'

'Those are Mrs. Mosquitos eggs, I bet,' said Big Brother. 'She's certainly laid enough of them,' added Little Sister.

'Just hear that,' said a big mosquito to another, which had lighted on the rush beside her. 'As if mosquitoes don't always lay lots of eggs.'

'But what's the use of laying eggs if they hatch out into such queer babies,' answered the other mosquito, rather dolefully. I wish you could see my children. They came out of the eggs this morning and they are so odd I can scarcely believe they are mine. I can't find a leg nor a wing among them, but every blessed one has a horrid long tail. Besides that they

'KEEP STILL YOU NOISY CREATURES.'

persist in staying in the water and wriggling about in the most idiotic fashion. I can't understand it.'

This was really quite sad, but it was funny, too, and we couldn't help laughing.

'Shedding skins. What's that about shedding skins?'

'I wonder who is talking now,' said Big Brother. Why, it's that big black fellow, on the rush there. Doesn't he look queer?'

'Queer!' repeated the bug. 'Maybe you'd be queer, too, if you had lived all your life under water, and then suddenly come up into the air and sunlight. You——'

But here his voice stopped, for, all at once his skin began to crack down the back, and he seemed greatly troubled about it. Then, to make matters worse, a part of his coat broke off at the top and slipped over his eyes.

'Why, he is getting a new face,' said Little Sister, as the piece dropped away entirely. 'Oh, what eyes! I should think he might see everywhere.'

All this time the bug was wriggling and wriggling, until he had quite wriggled himself out of the old skin, and showed two pairs of wings folded by his sides—and legs longer and handsomer than any he had before.

Then, while we still looked on in wonder, he opened his wings, like a pair of beautiful gauzy fans, and darted swiftly away.

'Oh,' we all exclaimed.

'That's nothing.' said a voice near us. 'Just a dragon fly. You should see me.'

'It seems to me someone is always talking,' said Big Brother. 'I guess that butterfly over on that branch of milkweed is the fellow now. Isn't he a beauty?'

'Well, I am a beauty,' answered the butterfly, fluttering its wings, 'but I'm not a fellow. I'm a she, not a he. However, that's not important. Would you believe I was once an egg?'

'Just like us,' put in Little Sister. 'Oh no, not at all,' answered the butterfly. 'I was a very tiny egg: about the size of a pin point. My mother laid me on the under side of a milkweed leaf, and before long I burst.'

'Gracious!' we all exclaimed.

'Oh, it didn't hurt,' said the butterfly. 'Maybe you think I had wings. Well, I didn't. I was just a caterpillar, and a very tiny one. I had sixteen legs, though, and an appetite—Oh, my! I began to eat right away, and I kept at it until I burst.'

'Again?' said Little Sister.

'Yes; but I didn't mind. It was perfectly natural. I had eaten so much my skin was too tight. Of course, the new one was larger, and more comfortable. This happened four times.'

'I suppose it was the eating,' said Big Brother. 'What a lot of flies and worms you must have used up.'

'Flies and worms! Pray don't mention such horrid things. No, no; I ate milkweed leaf. Nothing but milkweed leaf; but there came a time when I had enough even of that.

'All I seemed to care for was to get off by myself. So I climbed up an old fence and spun a tiny web on the under side, out of sight. Just a round spot of white silk.

'Into this I hooked my two hind feet, then let go with my remaining fourteen legs. There I hung, head down, but it seemed the proper thing to do, though I certainly should not enjoy it how. After a while I burst, of course.'

'You certainly did a lot of bursting,' said Big Brother.

'Well, it agreed with me,' answered the butterfly, especially that one. I was just like a lovely jewel after it. Pale green, with golden spots all over me. In fact, I was a chrysalis. Maybe you don't know what that is. Neither do I, but that is what I was. I hung on that old fence for more than a week, and such lovely dreams as I had. All the while I was changing color, and then one day I burst again, for the very last time. I crawled out, all wet and limp, but with wings and legs and everything, just as I have now.

'But dear, dear, it is late, and I am hungry. So, I'll say "Good-by." I need my supper.'

'It certainly is late,' said Big Brother, 'and we can't get home to-night. I see a barnyard and some chickens across that field. Suppose we go there?'

'I'd much rather be home,' answered Little Sister. 'I don't think travelling is so nice after all.'

'You forget how much we are learning,' answered Big Brother. 'This has been a great day, I think. Now I'm going to that barnyard.'

Of course we followed him, and as we crept in among the chickens a young cock called out:

'Hello! here come three more of

those queer things, called ducks, as if we hadn't enough already.'

At this all the ducks began to quack and the young cock was glad to fly to the top rail of the fence to get out of their reach.

'He needs a lesson,' said a great yellow rooster, who wore feathers down to his feet. 'Some day I mean to give it to him.'

We hadn't been in this new place an hour before we agreed that, as a home, it wouldn't suit us at all. There was more fighting than I had ever seen in my life. Hens and cocks struggled for the best places on the roosts and even after the uproar they made was at an end the old rooster snored so loud none of us could sleep.

'We'll start for home at daybreak to-morrow,' whispered Big Brother.

'And won't I be glad to see our dear barnyard and our lovely puddle once more,' sighed Little Sister.

We did not even wait for daylight, before we set out next morning. It was almost too dark for us to see Mrs. Tumble Bug, busily rolling her ball out of the barnyard.

'Please be careful,' she said, as Big Brother was about to step on her. 'This ball holds my precious eggs. I wouldn't have anything happen to it for the world. I have to roll it a long way, but I know just the best place to bury it, and when my babies hatch they'll have lots to eat. There is my husband. Don't step on him, I beg. I need his help.'

Of course, we didn't step on him and, strange to say, we had no desire to eat him, either. I think we were all too anxious to get home. I know we didn't stop much to ask questions, and we almost walked over Mrs. Spider's web before we heard her sharp little voice crying out:

'Oh, do be careful. Maybe you think I have nothing to do, but make and mend webs. You are just as clumsy as my husband. I had to eat him this morning, and he was so tough he made me sick.'

'Oh, dear,' said Little Sister, 'think of eating her own husband.'

'Well, and what's wrong about that,' snapped Mrs. Spider. 'He isn't the first I've eaten and I daresay he won't be the last. Only I hope the next one will be more tender. He wasn't as juicy as my last old dress.'

'I believe it will rain soon,' said Little Sister. 'See, it is getting cloudy.'

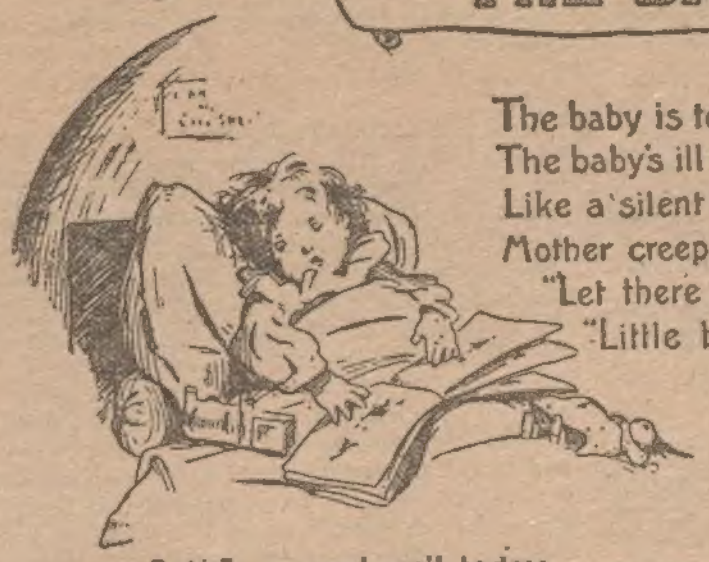
'Rain,' repeated Mrs. Spider, scornfully. 'Don't you see me making a new web, and did you ever hear of a spider building a web just before a rain? Gracious, how ignorant some people are.'

'Such a crosspatch,' we all agreed, as we swam out of her hearing, toward home.

'No doubt travelling is a very good thing,' said Big Brother, when night had come and we were all cuddled down in our own comfortable coop 'but after all, there is no place like home.'

And Little Sister and I both echoed his words, 'There is no place like home.'

THE BABY



The baby is too sick to play.
The baby's ill in bed today.
Like a silent little mouse
Mother creeps about the house:
"Let there be no noise" she said
"Little baby's ill in bed."

Baby's up and well today.
He's in everybody's way:
Nursie says, it is a pity,
Baby will keep teasing Kitty:-
Such a jammy, naughty lad!-
And yet everybody's glad.

—'Darton's Leading Strings.'

The Best and Prettiest.

Sammie and Jamsie were near neighbors. One day they began to quarrel as they had never done before.

Sammie had loudly affirmed that his mother was the best and prettiest woman in the village, and Jamsie had as loudly and strongly asserted that his mother was prettier and better than Sammie's mother.

Both became irritated and the quarrel grew so high that the two boys separated, declaring that they would never, never speak to one another again. The silence was maintained between them, though at a great inconvenience, for the boys had always been good friends.

One day Sammie's mother asked him to go on an errand for her down by the old abandoned mill. It was a long way from home, and Sammie would have liked Jamsie for company, but he was too proud and stubborn to own to any wrong in the matter of the quarrel, so lonely and sorrowfully he went at his mother's bidding.

When the errand was done he stood to watch the great, old waterwheel, and tarried so long that it grew dark before he expected, and then he started up in fright, for part of the way led through a dark forest of which he had strange fears of ghosts and hobgoblins. When near the dark woods he began to cry, for Sammie was only ten years old, and of a nervous temperament.

Just as his shrinking feet were about to enter the darksome place, he heard footsteps, and then a woman's gentle voice calling his name. Oh, joy, it was Jamsie's mother. She had been to town, and she gathered the little, clammy hand into her own, and together they entered the path. All the way the good and wise woman talked to the little lad and beguiled him thus from his fears. Presently Sammie began to cry and then to sob.

'What ails this little boy?' asked the would-be guardian, tenderly.

'Why—why—I said you wasn't good and pretty, like my mamma, and I—I am sorry,' and the boy seemed inconsolable.

'Never mind,' said the other, 'I am not pretty, but I try to be good and kind. Don't cry, for we both look alike in this dark place; it's no matter if we're not pretty.'

'But—but—you are beautiful, and I didn't know it before, and so Jamsie is angry with me, oh dear.' Mrs. Slocum comforted the boy, and on they went toward home.

When Sammie's home was reached, Mrs. Slocum found Jamsie and her other two children eating supper at her neighbor's table, Mrs. Low, Sammie's mother explaining that she knew their mother was absent and she feared they were lonely and so she had brought them over.

And now Sammie and Jamsie had a genuine make-up, and in their desire to make reparation, each insisted that the other's mother was the best and prettiest.—'Ram's Horn.'

Mary's Eyes.

A little girl was laying ill in bed. She had suffered so much that her disease had taken away her eyesight.

One day her teacher went to see her.

'Are you quite blind, Mary? she asked.

'Yes, but I can see Jesus,' said Mary.

'How, my child, do you see Jesus?' her teacher wanted to know.

'With the eyes of my heart,' replied the little one.

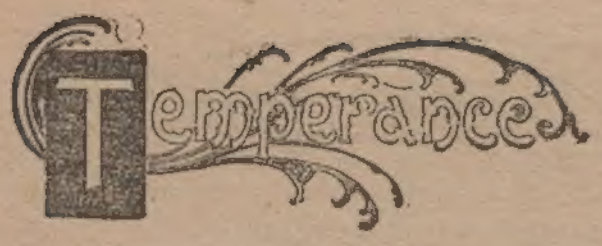
Was she not a happy child?

Are you trying to be like Mary?

—'Ram's Horn.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.



Are the Principles of Total Abstinence Scriptural?

(By Elizabeth W. Greenwood, Evangelistic Superintendent for the World's and National W. C. T. U., in the 'Union Signal.')

The reply to the title-question, which I have been asked to answer, should be sought not merely in this or that isolated incident or verse of the Bible, but first in its spirit as a whole. We should look squarely at the general aim and scope of the entire volume. The whole trend of the Bible is toward sobriety and self control—keeping the body under.

No sin is more condemned than that of self-indulgence; no virtue more commended than that of self-denial. Therefore we may fearlessly say that the whole spirit of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is in favor of entire abstinence from every practice which tends to degrade or destroy the body or the soul. The only passage in which the word moderation occurs, has no reference whatever to moderate drinking. God's law against intoxicants written on the human body is confirmed by His law written in the Book. While learned authorities widely differ regarding the Scripture distinctions between wine and wine, a great multitude will always refuse to believe that the Bible pronounces a blessing in some passages and a terrible curse in others upon the same wine; or that Christ, knowing the hearts of men, and the perils of the winecup, performed a miracle to supply intoxicating wine at the wedding feast.

That the ancients were in the habit of using the unfermented juice of the grape, which they called wine, and understood the art of preserving it from fermentation, is fully proved by Aristotle, Pliny, Virgil, and by Smith in his Dictionary of the Bible; also of the Bibliotheca Sacia, and by writers like Prof. Jacobus, Herrick Johnson, Moses Stuart, Elphalet Nott, Albert Barnes, F. R. Lees, Norman Kerr, Canon Farrar, Canon Wilberforce, William Ritchie, Adam Clark, C. H. Fowler and others.

That the Word of God enjoins the duty of abstinence from alcoholic intoxicants might be proved by numerous witnesses, and hundreds of scripture verses. Here are but a few reminders. Had Noah been a teetotaler he would not have been disgraced before his sons. Moses has recorded Jehovah's solemn prohibition for the priesthood. Samson, stalwart champion of Israel, 'muscular Christian,' testifies that neither he nor his mother ever touched wine or strong drink, or anything that cometh of the vine. The history of the famous Rechabites is well known. Solomon's words cannot possibly be twisted into an apology for moderation. I give them as in the original Hebrew: 'Who hath woe; who hath sorrow; who hath strife; who hath wounds without cause; who hath blurred eyes? Those who tarry long over the wine; those who enter in to try mixed drinks. Look not upon the wine when it shows itself ruddy, when it sparkleth in the cup; when it goeth down smoothly. For at the last it will bite like a serpent, and sting like a viper.'

Hosea and Habakkuk utter words of terrific warning, and St. Paul, who strove to keep his body under, and who exhorts us all to present our bodies 'a living offering,' uttered the fearful announcement, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' He is most emphatic in his plea for total abstinence. 'Let us watch, and drink not,' he says to the Thessalonians. To Timothy indeed he prescribed a little wine for the stomach's sake, and who shall prove it was alcoholic wine?

That the Son of God created alcohol, and ministered to drunkenness; that he blessed at a wedding that which concealed the sting of the adder, and the fang of the viper, is unbelievable. Far more truthfully did the poet express the spirit of the miracle in the sentence, 'The unconscious waters saw their God and blushed.'

As Dr. J. G. Holland said, 'The Scriptures prove first, that wine is a seductive, deceptive, dangerous drink; second, that in a fair trial men are better without it than with it; that there are circumstances and conditions under which God commands that it shall not be used at all. That for us we live otherwhere and in other times.'

'Wine has become associated with baser liquors. It is manufactured from baser liquors in untold quantities. The poor people of America could not get pure wine if they wanted it, and the rich do not know whether they get it or not. The great practical fact, however, which stares us in the face to-day is that wine, brandy, whisky, gin, and beer are tied together in a sisterhood of ungovernable furies, and that one of them cannot be dealt with without dealing with all the rest. If the rich man drinks his wine, the poor man will have his whisky. The total-abstinence people are not responsible for this state of things; they are total-abstinence people in consequence of this state of things. They can find no middle ground.'

Dr. Cuyler, who though over eighty years of age, is as emphatic with tongue and pen as when he uttered his clarion notes for total abstinence during the Crusade, sums it all up in the words:

'To-day I advocate a total abstinence from alcoholic poisons as a duty towards our God, a duty to ourselves, and a duty to our tempted and suffering fellow-creatures. If the use of intoxicating beverages is forbidden by the law of God written on our bodies, and also by direct prohibitions in God's Word; if such use is opposed to the well-being of man and to the glory of Jehovah, then it is our duty to let them alone.'

A New Medical Manifesto Addressed to the Physicians of the World.

A committee of the International Association of Physicians organized last August at Stockholm has just prepared and issued the following appeal, which it is desired to give as wide a circulation as possible, as signatures and endorsements of the same are to be gathered throughout the world. It is entitled 'An Appeal by the Physicians of all Lands to all Rulers, Governments, Legislatures, all Educators, Teachers, and Ministers, and all who have a sincere interest in the welfare of our race and coming generations.' It then proceeds:—

'We, who belong to the medical profession, and have by study and experience been especially enabled to recognize the true nature and the effects of alcoholic beverages, hereby declare that we are thoroughly convinced that these beverages are altogether unnecessary and in every way injurious, so that we believe the evils arising from the indulgence in intoxicating drinks can and should be eliminated and avoided. Above all, the youth should be taught by precept and example, and protected by legal enactments, so that they will abstain from alcoholic liquors. We declare that it is our conviction that this course must be pursued to insure the future sobriety of the race, which is the foundation of its prosperity, welfare, and progress.'

Signed first by Dr. Holitscher, Pirkenhammer, Germany; Dr. Santesson, Stockholm, Sweden; Dr. Ridge, Enfield, England; Dr. Stein, Budapest, Hungary; Dr Vogt, Christiania, Norway; Dr. Laitinen, Helsingfors, Finland; Dr. Olrik, Fredericksvaerk, Denmark.—'Evert.'

PLAYGROUNDS, A WOMAN'S NEWSPAPER AND A LIMERICK.

The need of playgrounds for the children of the Canadian metropolis is so great that the ladies of the Parks and Playgrounds Association of Montreal have undertaken the task of raising money to provide playgrounds for the poor children of the crowded districts. And they are adopting a most novel method, hoping both to raise a large amount of money for a model playground and to stimulate the aldermen to consider the importance of this great question. The Parks and Playgrounds Association has as its patron His Excellency the Governor-General, and upon its executive many of Montreal's leading citizens. The ladies of the Playgrounds Committee have arranged to take entire charge of the 'Daily Witness' for one day during the month of May, and they intend that their edition of the 'Witness' will be by far the finest newspaper that has ever been published in Canada, the proceeds to go to equiping playgrounds for children. The Woman's Edition will certainly be alive with interests of all kinds, and for all sorts and conditions of men and women, boys and girls.

The edition will cost five cents a copy and only those who remit immediately, or send for coupons, can be sure of securing a copy. Those who want to take part in helping on the good cause of securing playgrounds for city children may send for a book of fifty coupons to sell at five cents each among their friends. Books will be issued to those who write immediately to Mrs. Waycott, Convener, Circulation Department, Woman's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

FOR THE POETS.

Those who can write poetry will be glad to take advantage of the opportunity to shine, and incidentally of the chance of winning a fine prize, by filling in the last line of the following limerick.

HOW WOULD YOU END IT?

Oh! the Montreal women are bright,
They will edit the 'Witness' some night,
The next day our old town
Will be turned upside down
.....t.

Take a week to fill this line in and be ready to use the coupon that will be printed in next week's 'Messenger,' which will also contain full particulars regarding the conditions and prizes of this competition.

Mrs. W. H. Waycott,
Miss Edith Watt,
} Conveners Circulation Department Woman's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

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Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods:

Read this table:

ROLLED OATS	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR	P. C. Solids Soluble in Water.
Time Cooked.		Time Cooked.	
Uncooked	8.43	Uncooked	6.97
20 minutes	14.95	20 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.73	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	31.30	8 hours	39.99

You will notice the gradual rise in percentage due to long cooking. Very few homes are equipped to spend the time or fuel necessary to properly prepare cereals. By a system of steam pressure and heavy machinery the ORANGE MEAT people thoroughly clean and steam cook the wheat, then malt and flake each grain, after which it is dried and toasted. This produces the largest percentage of solubility; a process totally impossible in the ordinary kitchen.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Strength for To-day.

(The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in the 'Christian Advocate.')

We are only required to live a day at a time. Many of us take too long views of life. We look far off down the misty future, and our imagination conjures up all sorts of hob-goblins and ghosts of trouble and worry that may confront us after awhile. Now all that is wicked; we have nothing to do with that far-off time. We may have gone home to heaven before it comes; and if it comes, God will be able to take care of us and bring us off more than conquerors over anything we shall be compelled to meet. On the other hand, if we take short views of life, as all the Bible teaching shows to be our duty, we shall be greatly comforted and encouraged. What is there of us that cannot, by the help of God, get through the duties of to-day and fight our temptations off until to-morrow? Surely there is not one. But if we do that, the courage and strength of our victory to-day will bring us to to-morrow in a better condition for the battle than we are now. And so, day by day, we shall climb the hill of life, each day getting nearer to the top, and each day triumphing in our place.

A Cheerful Heart.

Write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. The good times, if we will but believe it, are now; the better times are not backward—but beyond. We believe, as in the past, so in the future, the world will grow better and better. By and by the world and all that is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and cheerfulness and growth will ever mark the progress of the soul.—Talmage.

Get ready for a better position by studying in your spare time. We teach you at home bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, penmanship, arithmetic, letter-writing, complete commercial, commercial specialist, chartered accountant, matriculation, civil service, teachers certificate, (any grade), mechanical drawing, stationary and traction engineering, elementary art, special English, journalism. Over 130 courses: ask for any subject you need. **Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. N., Toronto, Can.**

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SEND $1 Receive 4 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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